DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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GEORGE KENNAN.

A well-known literary man who met Mr. Kennan on his return from Siberia declared, "I have been talking with a man who has seen hell!" It is not strange, says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, from whose article this sketch is condensed, that the world is curious about one whose experiences can be thus graphically described. We wish further knowledge of the personality of him who has traversed the awful circles and himself tasted the fire. Indeed, he who tells us such tales may justly be asked for an account of himself.

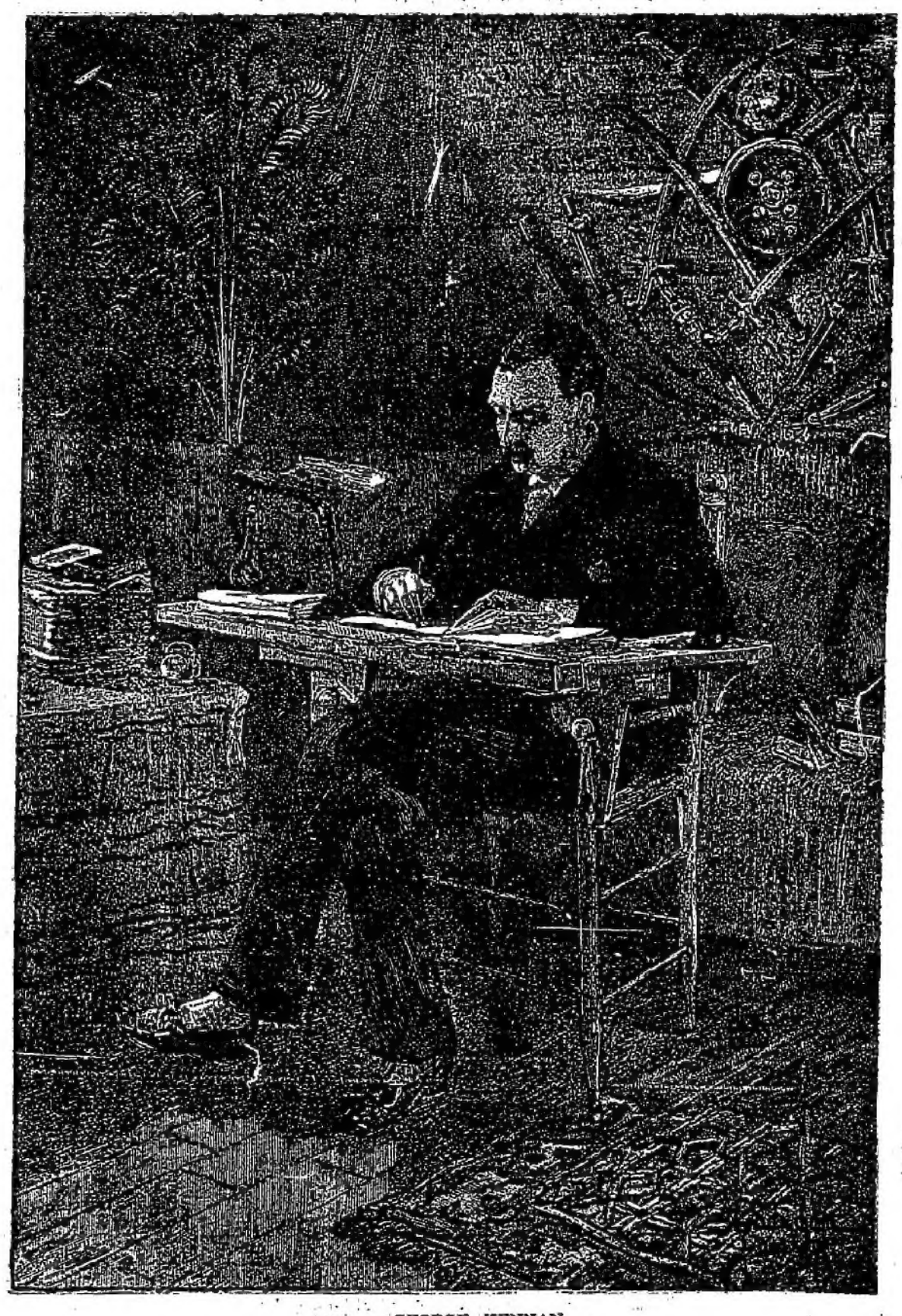
It may well enough be that not only to the readers of this magazine, but to all the world as well, Mr. Kennan's history is centred around the expedition of 1885 to study the exile system. His career up to that time was but a preparation for that high service. Keen, quick, discriminating, yet especially just and accurate, strong in body and with a stout purpose, of an unconquerable will and an indomitable courage, and with an eager interest in all strange places and peoples, Nature had made him for her service. Nursed on difficulties, and trained by necessity, he yet had never parted company with industry and perseverance, while readiness of resource was both his inheritance and his habit.

Born in Norwalk, Ohio, on the 16th of February, 1845, canny Scotch and impetuous Irish blood mingle with the sturdy English currents in the veins of George Kennan; but for four generations the Kennans have been Americans. His father, John Kennan, a young lawyer from Western New York, had found home and wife in what was then a small town of Ohio. His mother was Mary Ann Morse, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, and it is not without interest to learn that she was of the same family as the great inventor of telegraphy, S. F. B. Morse.

The coveted "education" was no light matter to this seeker after knowledge, as appears by the price he willingly paid for the hope. At the somewhat tender age of twelve George Kennan began life as a telegraphist at Norwalk, which prevented any further regular school-going, but which, with equal pace, led the way to a very different career. For the next five years, not only there but at Wheeling, Columbus, and Cincinnati,—for thoroughness and skill brought rapid promotion,—he never ceased both study and recitation, whether it was 3 or 4 o'clock of the night when he laid down his work. It was at Cincinnati, in the latter part of 1863, that he finally gave up the hard-fought battle; and from that time on there was no more school for Kennan, and of the plan of a collegiate course only the unconquerable desire remained. It was now in the midst of the civil war, and filled with the patriotic fervor of the time, he left no stone unturned to procure an appointment as telegraph operator in the field, and, failing in this, besieged the authorities for other difficult service.

It was perhaps as much because wearied with importunities as on account of old family friendship, that General Anson Stager, then superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at last acceded to his request for a place in the Russian-American telegraph expedition. The failure of the first Atlantic cable made it seem for a time as if no such medium of intercontinental communication could be accomplished. In this emergency the Western Union Telegraph Company saw a possibility of a land route through British Columbia and Alaska on the one side, and over the vast barren spaces of Siberia on the other, with the short and quite possible cable across Behring's Straits to connect the two. Work was actually begun upon the line, but the success of the second Atlantic cable put an end to the overland experiment midway in its career. While it was still a plan however, the restless and gloomy youth in Cincinnati, sitting one day at his place in the office, thinking hopelessly of his appeal to General Stager, suddenly jumped into life at the receipt of a laconic message sent over the wires by that gentleman's own hand, "Can you start for Alaska in two weeks?" and with the confident courage alike of his age and his temperament replied, "Yes, in two hours!" The expedition left for eastern Asia on July 3, 1865.

The two years spent in the wilds of eastern Siberia, with its camps on the boundless steppes, its life in the smoky huts of the wandering Koraks, its arctic winters, its multiplied hardships, and its manifold interests and excitements, proved a very preparatory school for another and vastly more important Siberian journey. Not the least of its advantages was the knowledge of the language then first acquired in those months of often solitary life among the wild tribes of Siberia. Among this man's many qualifications for his work is an unusual linguistic ability.



GEORGE KENNAN.

Not only is a language very easy to him, but almost without his own knowledge he possesses himself of a certain inner sense of its use, and a facility at its idiom. He has been called among the first—if not, indeed, the best—of Russian scholars in America. However this may be, a strong sense of the genius of the language is his to that degree that those fortunate friends who have been introduced by him to some of the leading Russian novelists are sometimes heard to express the wish that he would give over more important work and take to translating. It goes without saying that his acquaintance with Korak and Caucasian, Georgian and Kamtchatkan, wild Cossack and well-to-do citizen, nihilist and soldier, has given him a range of speech seldom possessed in a foreign tongue by any one man, and obviously of inestimable value in the difficult work before him. Certainly no other Russian traveller can equal him in this indispensable adjunct to investigation.

Mr. Kennan's brilliant story of these strange months of work and travel for the telegraph company is too well known to require any retelling of its experiences, but it is only between the lines that we get knowledge of the physical endurance, the unbounded resource, the nerve, the skill that made the result possible, the high spirits and buoyant temperament that filled with gayety the most tedious days, and upheld the little party

of three or the lone worker in the most appalling surroundings. Nothing was impossible to the man who so successfully made that journey and did that work.

Both the work of the telegraph company, and the overland journey from Kamtschatka to St. Petersburg, had given him much knowledge of the people, and he had frequently turned aside to explore the prisons. Thus it was that when he came home in the spring of 1868, his portfolio was full of material for lectures and magazine articles, all of which he meant should furnish him the sinews of travel for a certain journey into the Caucasus. It was then that Kennan first appeared in print. With the exception of a few private letters printed during his absence in the local newspapers, his first work as a writer was an article in "Putnam's Magazine" for that year called "Tent Life with the Wandering Koraks," and this and the series which followed it were shortly after expanded into the book already referred to, "Tent Life in Siberia" being published in 1870. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the money was was secured and the trip to the Caucasus enjoyed. The fall and the winter of 1870 were spent in a solitary horseback journey through Daghestan. It was then that occurred that famous ride down the face of a precipice, a feat rarely performed by mortal man, and made a test of courage by a fierce Georgian nobleman; it was in the strange country beyond the mountains that he became the companion of gypsies, and made one of a merry group of peasants greeting their governor with feasts and games; it was here that he saw the wild horsemanship that makes the glory of those remote regions, and learned for himself anew to fear nothing and to be a brother to all. The whole tour was full of the wildest adventure, testing the physical courage of the man almost beyond belief.

The next few years of his life, although spent in less exciting pursuits, have perhaps no less bearing upon his ability to judge correctly of men and things. In a seven-years' life in Washington he learned much of government, its duties and functions. As editor for the Southern States, and afterwards for some years as "night manager," of the Associated Press in that city, the man—as did the boy—worked all night and came home to work all day, for even this busy profession was not enough for his superabundant energies. But all the time his chief desire, the end he wished eventually to attain, was another journey to Russia to study the exiles, and this he was always trying to bring about. He was always and everywhere, both publicly and in private, a sincere defender of the Czar's government, insisting upon his own acquaintance with the facts to the entire confusion of his opponents for the most part. However, since his facts were questioned, he became yet more determined to see again for himself and more thoroughly this Siberia, that he might know still more certainly of what he spake, and answer altogether both his own questions and those of his opponents. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, public events and personal affairs held him in the United States for some time longer. But already *The Century* had determined to be sponsor for this great undertaking, and after two short preparatory trips to Europe, Mr. Kennan sailed from New York on the 2nd of May, 1885, sent out by that magazine, and with him went a skilful artist, Mr. George A. Frost, to supplement his work. From this journey he returned in August, 1886, and it may safely be presumed that he will not go to Russia again!

His own feeling about it was epitomized in a private letter written soon after his return. He says:

My last trip to Siberia was the very hardest and at the same time the most interesting of my whole life. I would not have believed two years ago, that at my age and after my tolerably varied and extended experience of life, there were yet in store for me so many strong, fresh, horizon-breaking sensations. I do not mean that I regarded myself as an extinct volcano of emotion, or anything of that kind,—my emotions never were volcanic,—but I believed that I had already experienced the strongest sensations of human existence, and that I could never again be as deeply moved as I had been in the early years of manhood, when the whole world was strange, fresh, and exciting. But it was a mistake. What I saw and learned in Siberia stirred me to the very depths of my soul—opened to me a new world of human experience, and raised, in some respects, all my moral standards. I made the intimate acquaintance of characters as truly heroic in mold—characters of as high a type—as any outlined in history, and saw them showing courage, fortitude, self-sacrifice, and devotion to an ideal beyond anything of which I could believe myself capable. It is about some of these characters—some of the people we call "nihilists"—that I wish to talk to you. I can reflect to you only a small part of the influence they exerted upon me, but I can at least explain to you how it happened that I went to Siberia, regarding the political exiles as a lot of mentally unbalanced fanatics, bomb-throwers, and assassins, and how, when I came away from Siberia, I kissed those same men good-bye with my arms around them and my eyes full of tears. You will, I am sure, understand that it was no ordinary experience which brought about such a revolution as that.

In 1879 Mr. Kennan married Emeline Rathbone Weld, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Medina, N. Y., and brought her to Washington. Of this part of his life it is enough to quote the words of a close friend: "The side of his nature displayed in his home relations is of the most tender and charming character—indeed, the home life is ideal."

Mr. Kennan is of slight physique, somewhat delicate in appearance,—so thin, so white, so dark is he,—but possessed of great powers of endurance, especially in the capacity to bear strain. Lithe and active, his nervous energy is intense, and a considerable muscular development enables him to perform feats, both of action and of endurance, apparently quite beyond his strenght. Siberia and the Caucasus alike assent to this, and many times he has proved its truth in less conspicuous places. A buoyant and sanguine temperament is joined to a wonderful recuperative power physically; these things and a sound body enable him to recover at once from the awful strain he so frequently and lightly puts upon himself, and allow him to play with hardship like an athlete in a race. The man who meets him for the first time is struck with his hearty, reassuring manner, his cordial hand-grasp, his steady, square, and penetrating look, his ease and readiness of speech. An erect and active habit of body goes along with an alertness of mind; but just as his steps are both sure and quick, so is decision joined to the ready mind, and with them is a certain soberness of judgment. Enthusiastic and romantic, his sympathies are quick and tender. But although a certain frank disclosure of himself awaits any friendly seeking, he is a man of reserved nature, and his confidence is difficult to reach. It may indeed be objected that some of these qualities are contradictory; be that as it may, they each and all appear and reappear in this man in quick succession. His affections are particularly deep and strong, and he holds his friends by a firm grasp, even unto death, through good and evil report. Much might be said of his friendships—not only of the devotion he gives, but of that which he receives. A curiously strong magnetic power draws men to him. His friends know no bounds to their admiration, and they love him like a woman.

Equally striking is his tremendous will power, ever pushing him on to success. To this there seems to be no limit. He has a feeling of pleasure in overcoming obstacles, he loves a difficulty, he delights to match his powers against opposition; as he himself expresses it, he has a certain pride and pleasure in doing, by the sheer force of his own manhood, something which all nature conspires to prevent. In every direction his standards are exacting. His ideals are fine and high. Purity, sincerity, honesty, truth, and honor are dear to him. Character is the sharp test he puts to himself, and other men, and on that standpoint alone he finds common ground with those about him. To him the purpose of life is an ever-heeded question, and its best use a never-forgotten aim. Life means much to him, and constantly more and more. Being asked on one occasion what end he proposed to himself when as a boy he sought so eagerly for a wider field, he answered somewhat after this fashion: "I wanted a full life, a life in which all one's self is satisfied. My idea of life was one into which were crowded as much of sensation and experience as possible. It seemed to me that if I should grow old and miss any of the sensations and experiences I might have had, it would be a source of great unhappiness and regret to me." Mr. Kennan has not grown old, but he has already tasted more sensations and experiences than most men, and these experiences have wrought upon him until he wishes more than to feel them for himself—he would make them factors in the world's progress. He has put his life in jeopardy every hour, and he would make that risk the price of hope for the prisoners of depair. He has come home to cry aloud, that we who think ourselves too tender to listen to the story of such suffering may feel and see the horror and the glory of it. He is no longer content to tell the traveller's tale; but to-day and to-morrow, and until the deed is done, he must needs strive to open the blinded eyes of History, and help her to loose the chains that bind a whole people.

It is not generally known that Mr. Kennan now spends a great deal of his time at Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, where he has built himself a typical summer residence.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.—JANUARY 18, 1891.

GOD'S CARE OF ELIJAH.—1 Kings 17:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Ps. 34:10.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 17:1-16.—God's Care of Elijah.
T. Job 5:8-27.—God's Care for the Needy.
W. Psalm 34:1-22.—No Want to them that Fear Him.
Th. Prov. 3:1-17.—The Way of Plenty.
F. Ex. 16:11-21.—Bread from Heaven.
S. Matt. 14:13-21.—Bread for the Multitude.
S. Luke 12:22-32.—"Your Father Knoweth."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Elijah before Ahab. v. 1.
II. Elijah at Cherith. vs. 2-7.
III. Elijah at Zarephath. vs. 8-16.

TIME.—B. C. 910, sixty-five years after the division of the kingdom.

PLACES.—Samaria, the brook Cherith, Zarephath.

OPENING WORDS.

Ahab was the seventh king of Israel. Under the successive reigns of his predecessors, covering a period of fifty-seven years, the kingdom went from bad to worse. Of Ahab it is recorded that he did evil above all that were before him. He had married Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, before he came to the throne. The worship of Baal was established, and idolatry everywhere prevailed. In this dark night of Israel's degradation, Elijah was sent to denounce the judgment of Jehovah against the wicked king and people.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *The Tishbite*—so called probably from his birthplace, in Gilead, of which there is no other mention. *Gilead*—a mountainous region east of the Jordan. *Before whom I stand*—whom I serve. (See 1 Kings 18:1; Luke 4:25.) *Dew nor rain*—drought was one of the punishments threatened if Israel forsook the Lord. Deut. 11:17. V. 3. *Hide thyself*—from the wrath of Ahab and Jezebel. *Cherith*—on the east of the Jordan. V. 7. *After a while*—probably about a year. V. 9. *Zarephath*—called in the New Testament Sarepta (Luke 4:26); on the coast of Phœnicia, between Tyre and Sidon. V. 12. *Barrel*—the earthen jar used in the East for such purposes. *Cruse*—bottle. V. 13. *Make me.... first*—a severe test of her faith. V. 15. *She went and did*—showing her faith by prompt, unquestioning obedience. (See Luke 4:25, 26.) *Many days*—a full year. Phil. 4:19. V. 16. *Wasted not*—God's promises are never broken. (Compare 2 Kings 4:42-44; Matt. 14:15-21; 15:32-38.)

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Name the kings of Israel in order from Jeroboam to Ahab. Whom did Ahab marry? What idolatrous worship did he introduce? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses

I. ELIJAH BEFORE AHAB. v. 1.—Who was Elijah? What did he say to Ahab? Why was this judgment sent upon Israel? Deut. 11:16, 17. How long was the drought to last? How could Ahab have shortened it? 1 Kings 8:35-39. How long did it continue? Luke 4:25.

II. ELIJAH AT CHERITH. vs. 2-7.—Where did the Lord command Elijah to hide himself? From whom? Ch. 18:10. How was he fed there? How often did the ravens bring him food? How does this illustrate the Golden Text? What do we pray for in the fourth petition? What happened after a while?

III. ELIJAH AT ZAREPHATH. vs. 8-16.—Where did the Lord then command Elijah to go? Where was Zarephath? Who was to take care of him there? What did he find the woman doing? What did he say to her? What did he then ask her? What was the woman's reply? What strange promise did Elijah make her? How did the woman show her faith? How was Elijah's promise fulfilled? What does Jesus say about honoring his prophets? Matt. 10:41, 42.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the Lord gives and withholds rain and dew for his own wise purposes.
2. That he makes even birds his messengers.
3. That he always takes care of his servants.
4. That in helping others we may help ourselves.
5. That the best way to increase our store is to use freely what we have for the Lord.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What judgment did Elijah denounce upon Israel? Ans. That there should be neither dew nor rain but according to his word.
2. Where did the Lord then send Elijah? Ans. To the brook Cherith, that was before Jordan.
3. How was he fed there? Ans. The ravens, by God's command, brought him food every morning and evening.
4. Where was he next sent? Ans. To a widow of Zarephath.
5. How was he fed there? Ans. The Lord multiplied the woman's meal and oil, so that they failed not.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 25, 1891.

ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

1 Kings 18:25-39.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him."—1 Kings 18:21.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 18:1-18.—Elijah Sent to Ahab.
T. 1 Kings 18:19-29.—The Prophets of Baal.
W. 1 Kings 18:30-46.—The Prophet of the Lord.
Th. Ex. 32:25-35.—Who is on the Lord's Side?
F. Josh. 24:1-25.—Choose Whom Ye will Serve.
S. Matt. 6:19-34.—God or Mammon.
S. James 5:13-20.—Effectual Prayer.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Failure of Baal. vs. 25-29.
II. God's Altar Rebuilt. vs. 30-35.
III. The Answer by Fire. vs. 36-39.

TIME.—B.C. 900, three and a half years after Elijah's first appearance before Ahab.

PLACE.—Mount Carmel, on its eastern summit, about seventeen miles from Jezreel, Ahab's residence.

OPENING WORDS.

After three and a half years Elijah was again sent to Ahab. The long-continued drought had reduced the entire people to the verge of starvation. In a few cutting words the prophet charged the king with being the cause of the famine. At his demand the people were assembled at Mount Carmel. There he challenged the priests of Baal to a decisive trial between Baal and Jehovah. The conditions of this as accepted by the people are given in verses 19-24. The trial and its issue are recorded in this lesson.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 25. *Dress it first*—he would have the prophets of Baal prove their inability before he demonstrated his power. V. 26. *Leaped upon*—danced about. V. 27. *Mocked them*—because of their failure. *Cry aloud*—your god cannot hear your low tones. *Pursuing*—Revised Version, "in retirement." *Sleepeth*—not so Elijah's God. Ps. 121:4. V. 28. *Cut themselves*—a common act with heathen priests. V. 29. *Time of the offering*—about three o'clock. *Neither voice*—no answer. Prayers, cries, cutting themselves, were all in vain. V. 30. *Repaired the altar*—thus teaching that he came to restore the old order of worship. V. 36. *Let it be known*—by the token agreed upon. V. 38. *The fire of the Lord*—fire sent by him; not a natural flash of lightning, but miraculous fire falling from heaven. V. 39. *The Lord, he is the God*—Baal is no god; the Lord Jehovah, he and he alone is God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why was Israel visited with a famine? How long did it continue? Where was Elijah concealed during the famine? What did the Lord then command Elijah to do? Describe the meeting of Ahab and Elijah. What did Elijah direct the king to do? Where were the people gathered? What test did Elijah propose? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE FAILURE OF BAAL. vs. 25-28.—What did Elijah say to the prophets of Baal? Why did he give them the first choice? How did the prophets of Baal prepare for the test? How long did they call on Baal? What answer did they receive? What did they then do? What frantic efforts did they make? How long did they continue their prayers? With what result?

II. GOD'S ALTAR REBUILT. vs. 30-35.—What did Elijah say to the people? What did he then do? Why did he use twelve stones in repairing the Lord's altar? What did he make about the altar? How did Elijah prepare his sacrifice? What command did he give? Why was this repeated three times?

III. THE ANSWER BY FIRE. vs. 36-39.—At what time did Elijah come to the altar? Upon whom did he call? Repeat his prayer. How was it answered? What did the fire consume? How were the people affected? What did they say? What was done with the priests of Baal?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we are called upon to choose whom we will serve.
2. That the gods of this world, wealth, pleasure, honor, worshipped as supreme, will fail us when we need them most.
3. That the Lord still answers by fire through his Holy Spirit.
4. That we should expect and watch for answers to our prayers.
5. That God will punish those who continue rebellious and wicked.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What test did Elijah propose to the people? Ans. The God that answereth by fire, let him be God.
2. What followed the prayer of the prophets of Baal? Ans. There was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.
3. How did the Lord answer Elijah's prayer? Ans. The fire of the Lord fell and consumed both the sacrifice and the altar.
4. What was the effect upon the people? Ans. They fell on their faces and said, The Lord, he is the God.
5. What was done with the priests of Baal? Ans. They were slain according to the Lord's commandment.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE.

By Mrs. A. Giddings Park.

Her house is a model of neatness,
Not alone for cleanliness sake,
But for the good of her loved ones,
And the comfort they there may take.
Her parlor is light and cheery,
And never too good for use,
Her kitchen *the coziest workshop*,—
Not a prison for drudge or recluse!

Her chambers are airy and sunny,
Her linen as white as the snow,
Her closets and cupboards in keeping
With the system of rule *apropos*,
Her china, her glass and her silver,
Are dainty, polished and bright:
Superb are her pies and her puddings,
And her bread ever wholesome and light.

Her pickles in crispness are perfect;
Her canned fruit and jellies the best;
Her pie-crust the flakiest, her doughnuts
Perfection to turn and to twist!
She is nurse to the sick and the feeble,
From "grandpa" to sweet baby May:
She settles the quibbles and quarrels
Of the older children in play.

With foot on the rocker at evening,
She darns and patches and mends,
While Robbie's and Lillian's lessons
She carefully superintends.
Where the time 'mid this legion of duties;
For mental culture she gets
Is a mystery,—yet she finds it!
Best of all is,—*she never frets!*

—Christian at Work.

UNWISE ECONOMIES.

"She has done all her own work since the baby was three weeks old, and is continuing her study of medicine." These words were in a letter which I received the other day. They were written as cheering news of the young cousin whose first baby came to her four months ago, but I read them with dismay.

"What can Alice be thinking about, or her husband, either?" was my inward ejaculation. "He is a physician and she studying medicine! Surely they should both know better; surely they should know that nature keeps strict accounts."

It would do no good to argue the question with them; let them rather use the message as a text for my little homily.

A woman who felt herself to be breaking down, and who feared the trouble was the beginning of consumption, to which she had hereditary tendencies, went to her physician to have her lungs examined. He told her that they were perfectly sound, and that there was nothing the matter with her except overwork.

"But," said she, "I am not doing any more than I have been doing for the last ten years."

"Madam," snapped out the gruff old doctor, "don't you know a woman can't go on overdoing for ten years and not feel it?"

There was the truth in a nutshell.

These ten years of overwork were caused by what seemed to her a necessary economy. She could hardly afford to pay for help if she would make ends meet. However, nature was inexorable, and exacted "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." During the ten succeeding years that woman was forced to be idle, to spend all her living on physicians, and at last to become dependent upon the kindness of her relatives. A few dollars judiciously expended now and then during the years of work would have relieved the strain, and doubtless would have prevented the years of invalidism. What say you of such economy as that?

It so rarely happens, either, that once having given out thoroughly, a person ever regains full strength. One becomes comfortable, perhaps; one gets on by taking care, but there always remains the secret sense of weakness and insecurity. Many a woman goes through all her later years, doing much good work, it may be, but only able to do it because she recognizes her limitations, and the bounds beyond which she may not go. Never again comes to her the free, glad sense of power. If she is wise, she makes the best of her life; but she cannot help in her secret heart turning ruefully back to those years when she might have practised that truer economy which conserves the most precious things.

The most precious thing in matters temporal (will anyone dispute it?) is health. Give me health and, woman though I am, I can defy the mutations of this uneven existence. Say I am poor; I can earn my daily bread. Say I am solitary; my cheery face shall win me friends. "My mind to me a kingdom is," if it be "a sound mind in a sound body." Do not doubt that health is the best blessing, aside from the favor of God.

My young cousins (to return to my text) are just starting out in their home life. I dare say it is a prettily-furnished home, with plenty of bric-a-brac to be dusted. Doubtless the new-fledged physician hasn't many patients yet; there isn't much money to spare for domestic service. Let him beware lest he soon have in his wife a life-long patient who will pay him no bills!

Alas, for the little baby boy who is so good that his mother can do all her work, and study medicine besides! Better let out your lungs and screech, my youngster, until a helper becomes a necessity, else I warn you that sweet mother of yours is sure to grow irritable and a scold, simply because overwork has overstrained her nerves.

Such a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels! Such a hoarding of dollars and expenditure of life! Youth always thinks the same thing; it always believes its health resources are inexhaustible, until the bank breaks. So they might be practically inexhaustible if a spendthrift were not using them. Better pinch in fine clothes and household furnishings than in needed service.

There are economies and economies. The very poorest sort is to be lavish of health in order to save some lesser good; for you will find, sooner or later, with wise Dr. Franklin, that you "paid too dear for the whistle."—*Home Maker*

GIVE THE FARM A NAME.

Make the home as attractive as possible and then give the farm a name. The name will stand for all that was in the home and will thus appeal to the deepest feelings of our nature.

Every man loves the name of his mother, and although it may be old fashioned or queer, to him it is full of music, as her face, wrinkled and pale with ill health, is still to him the loveliest on earth. And thus the name of our home will recall all the joys and sorrows of our childhood and add to the love we already bear it.

Many men find that the name of their farm is much better known than their own, and a farm with a name has an importance far in advance of the one without one. It is said that the shrewdest and most progressive farmers are all sure to christen their farms, and the custom is sure to grow as good taste and culture increase among our people.

There should be some reason for the name. Do not give your home farm some ridiculous classic appellation, or burden it with the name of some favorite politician or soldier. Let the children have a voice in the matter. Have a family caucus to decide the question. If you have a fine grove on your farm, or a single noble specimen of forest tree that can be seen from afar like a beacon light, let those give the name. If a stream flows gayly through your meadows, or a lovely hill affords a charming view, let them be remembered in the name. I know a small farm that would otherwise be insignificant, but receives great consideration from its beautiful and appropriate name—"The Willows"—while another, not far away, is certain to be remembered from its name, "The Rest." Sometimes a family name is fastened upon a farm, and no matter who may be its future owner, it goes down to posterity under the name of the people who first lived there. And this is another argument for giving a special and selected name, for it is not agreeable to have our finely cultivated farm, with its pretty house and orchard known among the neighbors as "the old Jones or Smith place."

It is the part of wisdom to give our children every possible reason to have an interest in their farm home, and by giving them certain animals for their own, or special plots of ground to cultivate as they please, or a choice in the name of the place, we add new and strong links to the claims of affection and pleasure that will bind them close forever.—*Christian at Work.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GIRLS.

By Eliza Putman Heaton.

"How would I bring up a girl?" I would begin when she is two years old and teach her to stand poised from the hips and slightly forward, chest up, abdomen contracted, toes turned out at an angle of sixty degrees, and neck erect, so that the collar-bone should be horizontal. You can teach a little girl to know whether she is standing properly or not by having her occasionally walk up against a door. She should touch it with lips, chin, chest and toes. A plumb-line from the shoulders should pass through the hip and ankle joints. Then I would teach her to breathe slowly, inflating the chest upward and outward, not downward, keeping the abdomen contracted. This gives a wonderful feeling of buoyancy. As she grew older she should not take above ten breaths a minute, but they should be *full, vigorous ones.* Good breathing and good standing are almost enough of themselves to give good health and a good figure. In walking I would show her how to keep her face and chest well over the advanced foot, and to lift the body by the muscles and the inflation of the lungs. I would see to it that she turned her toes well out. Seventy-five women out of every one hundred walk with the feet straight or toe in. This increases the tendency to an inward turn of the knees, and encourages a pelvic contraction. The weight should rest on the balls of the feet, and the ball and heel should touch the floor at the same time. In her school-days I would take pains to have her sit at her desk properly.—*Babyhood.*

GIRLS AND THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Learn to say no when asked for your photograph by some one not especially dear to you. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the apartment of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you looked, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day will come along Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of the heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will feel if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick whom he knows to be a braggart, and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn to say no. Don't display your photographs to your men friends, and you will not have this unpleasant task.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Slice cold, boiled potatoes into neat rounds; cut a medium-sized onion into thin slices, and put it with a good tablespoonful of butter or bacon dripping into the frying-pan; when the onion is colored, add the potatoes, about two cupfuls, and stir them about until they are a light brown. Strew with chopped parsley and serve.

Hominy Croquettes.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter, stir well, then add gradually a cupful of milk, stirring and mashing the hominy until it becomes a soft smooth paste. Then add a teaspoonful of white sugar and a well beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, roll in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in lard.

Cream Puffs.—One cup hot water, one-half cup of butter; boil together, and while boiling, stir in one cup sifted flour; take from the stove and stir to a paste; after this cools, stir in three eggs not beaten; stir five minutes, drop in tablespoonfuls on a buttered tin, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes. Cream for the above.—One cup milk, one-half cup sugar, one egg, three tablespoons flour, and flavoring; when puffs and cream are cold, open the puffs with a knife and fill with cream.

Nice Croquettes.—A nice way to use cold beef for supper or luncheon is to take one pint of chopped beef, four medium-sized potatoes, juice of half a lemon, half a cup of stock or hot water, one teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and pepper. Mix all together, shape nicely, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling lard two or three minutes until they are a delicate brown.

Baked Rice with Cheese.—One pint of boiled rice, half a cupful of grated cheese, placed in alternate layers in a buttered earthen dish. Spread powdered cracker over the top with bits of butter, and over the whole pour one egg well beaten, one cupful of milk, one saltspoonful of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt and a shake of cayenne pepper, thoroughly beaten together. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven and serve very hot.

Minced Chicken.—From the bones of a cold roast, boiled or fricassed chicken cut all the meat and mince it fine with a sharp knife, chopping with it two hard boiled eggs. Stir this into a cup of gravy, or, if you have none, use instead a cup of white sauce. Season to taste, fill a pudding dish or scallop shells with the mixtures and serve very hot.

Hasty Muffins.—Two cups flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful mixed butter and lard, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, salt-spoonful salt, one cup milk. Into the eggs, beaten very light, stir the melted shortening, the sugar, the milk and the flour, well-mixed with the salt and baking powder. Stir well, and bake in thoroughly greased tins.

Beef Tea.—Cut two pounds of lean beef very fine with a sharp knife. Pour a pint of cold water over it, and let it stand for several hours in a double boiler on the back of the stove, where it will heat to the boiling point but not boil. When the juice is all extracted from the meat, so that the meat is white, drain off the liquid and salt to taste.

PUZZLES NO. 26.

ANAGRAM.

Pepper tier.

It is known to the sages
Who read certain pages
That I have been faithful in working.
Yet where is my basket?
The stutterers ask it
As if they believed I'd been shirking.

OCTAGON PUZZLE.

Central Downright Word—A green mineral.
Across.—A grave color. Sufficient. A rampart. An acute sound. A substance used in cooking. A vowel and to hinder. Clear of all charges and deductions.
The octagon is joined from the top, going to the right, around—A snare. A beverage. Ready. A number. A snare. A toy. A slight rap.

DIAMOND.

1. In insipid. 2. A preposition. 3. A peninsula of Asia. 4. An instrument of torture employed by dentists. 5. Beloved by collectors of bric-a-bric. 6. To choose a second time. 7. Speedily. 8. To rest. 9. In insipid.

HIDDEN MAMMALS.

In the following puzzle find forty-six hidden mammals:

A person who goes over the West will wonder at once why a Kearney or Lincoln will have land so high and real-estate men do everything false along with everything shrewd in selling with a respectable margin. The dealers themselves do get caught sometimes in a financial squeeze, but the business man must be a rare judge of real estate or a coward with every nickel kept out on interest, and at each renewal rush to have interest secured or he will not be a very long time in investing. Suppose we go at business hours to a real estate office. We will see a man drilled thoroughly in his calling, a quid of tobacco on one side of his mouth, eyes making numerous expressions which hardly seem in keeping with his surroundings. Very soon a customer appears, dressed in buff along with fur trimmings, and the agent begins: "Well, I only have one lot which I ever am anxious to sell, and this would be a picnic at $500. It is the same one Mr. Selmo used to ask $800 for, and the same kind Mr. Armoo sells in his addition for $900. The river Sandee runs just below it, and across the street lives Mr. Lee, pardner of mine in business, who used to abhor several other locations on account of their unhealthfulness, but he is now hale and hearty, and never feels boxed up, and shortly after living there could climb at lightning speed all the adjacent bluffs, and with every breeze bragged of its health-giving qualities as it came lightly from the river below. It is hard to find a man whose property has been worth more than this lot has been to him. Were we a-selling this lot for what it is able to bring shortly we would ask $1000, but will sell for $500. You may think this a kind offer, but we think that what is conducive to others' gain, increases our business, and while murdering one sale we may get fifty in return," Here the dealer ceases talking if he cannot terminate the deal, and the man in buff, seeing his cab is on hand, rides off, sometimes giving vent to a little bad German at his delay.

TWINS.

Two sailors on the ship you'll see
Alike from head to feet,
Join them together and they'll be
A salt that is concrete.

Harry Jakeway.

SQUARE WORD.

A course of life.
A chilly fit.
A long hollow pipe.
To lean.

B. V. Chisholm.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 25.

Three Words Within Words.—1. C-a-pit-a-l. 2. D-is-put-in-g. 3. G-at-her-in-g. 4. P-art-is-an-s. 5. B-on-a-part-e.

Zigzag.—Pocahontas. Cross-words: 1. Purl. 2. NOte. 3. RaCk. 4. EtnA. 5. OHio. 6. MOle. 7. Nigh. 8. ATom. 9. FiAt. 10. IsiS.

Diamond In Half-Square. — Cross-words: 1. Deleted. 2. Elided. 3. Linen. 4. Eden. 5. Ten. 6. Ed. 7. D. Included Diamond: 1. L. 2. Lid. 3. Linen. 4. Den. 5. N.

PUZZLERS CHAT.

Messenger Puzzlers! we have not heard from you for some time. Do you not think it is time to send us answers and original puzzles? With these, send post-office address, full name and nom-de-plume. Editor Puzzles.

The Family Circle.

CALEB'S DAUGHTER.

"And Caleb said, he that smiteth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah, my daughter, to wife. And Othniel, the son of Kenaz, Caleb's youngest brother, took it."—Judges 1:12, 13.

I heard the voice of Caleb, my father, on the day
When the warlike men of Judah stood in their bold array;
And they looked towards the conflict like the war-horse in his might,
And the flashing of their spearheads was a fierce and wondrous sight.

"Go ye up to Kirjath-sepher," so came my father's words,
And drive out the men of Canaan with their flocks and with their herds;
And the mighty man of valor who shall thrust them from the land,
Unto him there shall be given yonder dark eyed maiden's hand.

Then I reeled with sudden faintness, and the color fled my cheek,
And I strove to cry, "My father," but my lips refused to speak;
And I dared not lift my eyelids unto one who loved me well,
For I knew the same word whitened the brow of Othniel.

Yea, oft beneath the starlight, where our people's tents were spread,
We had trod the plains together with a light and careless tread;
We had stood in awe together where the Jordan backward rolled;
But still the same, unchanging, was the tale of love he told.

We had dreamed of prosperous seasons when the Canaanite should cease,
When Israel should triumph and our people dwell at peace;
When the hills should smile with olives, and the slopes be clad with vines,
And the land should flow with honey, and with milk, and corn and wines.

And to Othniel should be given the green pastures of the South,
With the wells of living water for the thirsty cattle's mouth;
But I'd keep my father's sheep, till the corn was in the shocks,
And I should go forth at evening to draw water for the flocks;

And one eve as I stood watching, there against the setting sun,
I should surely see him coming; all the waiting should be done;
Then the South would stretch before us, while the soft skies bent above,
And like Jacob's love for Rachel, so for me would be his love.

But the time is done for dreaming! Host of Judah, can it be
Of the mighty men of valor there are mightier than he?
Like the young tree in the springtime, so his youthful beauty is;
There might well be fiercer swords, and a stronger arm than his.

But I thought of Judah's glory, and I summoned all my will,
When our women fail in courage shall our men be fearless still?
And I lifted steadfast glances, and my lips pressed back the moan,
"Go," I said, "and God be with you," then I sought the tents alone.

"Hope of Israel, God of battles," cried I prostrate from the ground,
"Let no other arm be stronger, let no sword be bolder found;"
Then I turned unto the doorway, where the distant mountain rose,
I could hear the people shouting, as they closed in with their foes.

"Go," I said to one who waited, "bring me tidings from the fight:"
Then once more my voice I lifted, and I prayed "Be Thou his might."
"Give him strength for all his weakness, when he falters be Thou near;
Strike Thou when his arm is failing, let them fall beneath his spear."

Then the messenger came flying. "As the fields of waving grain;
As the grasses sway together when the wind sweeps o'er the plain;
So their forces meet and mingle, so foe interlocks with foe,
Which are flying, which pursuing, how the day goes none may know."

"Go once more towards the mountain, bring me later tidings yet,"
And he came with swift returning, "As the floods meet they have met;
But the Canaanites are fleeing, and the men of Judah shout."
"Go once more," I said, "and tell me by whose hand they are thrust out."

Then I waited, down the heavens slowly passed the setting sun,
Slow as when it stayed and moved not, on that day at Ajalon;
Slow as it ne'er seemed to any, save unto the watchful eye,
And my spirit died within me, e'er it sank behind the sky.

Then the messenger came swiftly, hastening from the battle-field,
"Who," I cried, "drove back the heathen, to what captain did they yield?"
"Lo, he comes," he said, and straightway, from the field the victor came,
And the people came before him, and they shouted Othniel's name.

Then I bowed my head in silence, and my heart went out in praise,
For the goodness of Jehovah, for the wonder of his ways,
For the lonely watcher's prayers nerve the arm that drives the sword;
And the strong go forth to battle, but the victory's with the Lord.

BERT INGLISS.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

"SEEKING TO SAVE."

BY GARDEN LEWIS.

"It's not like the country, is it, Anna?" Anna Johnson shook her head as she replied, "No, indeed, father; there is a great difference between our pretty home in Brooklyn and No. 999 Perry street."

"I fear you'll miss the old place sadly, Anna," said the grave, middle-aged man. "Sometimes I half regret having accepted the situation Mr. Jones has kindly secured for me, but work was very scarce, and it's not every day a man getting on in life has a good berth offered him."

"Please don't regret coming here on my account," said Anna, kissing her father lovingly as she spoke; "when once I get a little accustomed to the place and people, I shall soon feel at home. And now you must go, father, or else you will be late, and that would be setting a bad example to your workmen."

"Yes, I must be off," said James Johnson; "and, Anna dear," he added, as he hastened away, "I shall not be home much before ten o'clock this evening, because there is a little meeting for the boys, at which Mr. Willmon wishes me to be present. I fear it will be a long, lonely day for you, my poor girl!"

'A long day, indeed!" said Anna to herself, as she closed the door and removed the breakfast things from the table. "I never realized before how great the change would be," she added.

It was indeed a great change, a new and trying experience for the girl. Twenty years of her life had been spent in the quiet little village, loved and respected by all who knew her; and now suddenly she found herself a stranger in the busy, bustling city. Her father was a carpenter, a steady, reliable man, with a thoroughly practical knowledge of his trade, and on account of his steadiness and skill had been highly recommended by Mr. Jones, a prominent citizen of the village to his friend, Mr. Willmon, a wealthy city man.

"You want a good Christian man to teach carpenter's work to a number of lads whom you are providing with a home," wrote Mr. Jones, in answer to the letter received from his friend; "then I can highly recommend James Johnson as a most suitable man for the post."

Thus the situation was secured, and James Johnson and his daughter removed to the city and took lodgings on Perry street for a time. After some two or three months Mr. Willmon hoped to have a house ready, where Anna could act as housekeeper to her father and the homeless lads whom he was befriending in the best of ways by striving to lead them to their Saviour, and enabling them to learn a trade by which they could earn an honest living.

"It won't be so lonely by-and-by," said Anna as she sat down to do some needlework that evening. "I shall enjoy having the boys to care for."

As she spoke her eyes rested on some little flowering plants on the table near which she was seated, the gifts of her little Sunday-school scholars, therefore very tenderly prized by Anna, and, carefully brought by her to the city home.

"Only a week ago since I said good-bye to my dear little scholars," said Anna to herself; "it seems like a month," she added as her tears fell fast upon her work.

"Mother used to say it was better to sing than to weep," continued the girl. Then in a clear sweet voice she sang several of the hymns she had taught her Sunday-school class. The words brought peace and comfort to her heart, and soon she almost forgot her loneliness.

"I'll try, 'Seeking to Save,' one of father's favorites, now," she said, and she commenced,—

"Tenderly the shepherd
O'er the mountains cold
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold."

Just as Anna was about to commence the second stanza, a noise in the street below arrested her attention. As she listened, she heard the loud, angry tones of her landlady's voice, and the sobs (she thought) of a child in distress.

"If there is a child in trouble, I must find out what is the matter," said Anna, as, taking her candle in her hand, she quickly made her way down the stairs.

"Why, Mary!" she exclaimed, as the light of her candle flashed upon the face of a girl who was standing pale and trembling in the door way.

"Do you know her, miss?" said the landlady, stepping back, adding as she did so, "She comes a-knocking at the door as bold as you please, asking, would I tell her who it was singing upstairs. 'No,' says I, 'I don't tell you, 'cause I know your artful city ways, country-born though I be.' Then she starts sobbing and crying, same as if I'd hurt her, and says the singer reminds her of some one she knew down home. You are quite sure you ain't deceived, sure and positive you do know her, miss?" continued the woman anxiously, as her lodger took the poor, trembling girl in her arms.

"Know her, Mrs. Pincher?" said Anna; "yes, indeed, Mary Burns and I have known one another for years. I was going to write to the business house she has gone to, to ask her to come and spend next Sunday with us. How is it you are here alone, dear, at night?" she added, as she led the girl quietly up the stairs to her own room.

"Now tell me all what it means, dear," she continued, as she closed the door, placing Mary in an arm-chair and taking off her hat and jacket.

"It means this," said Mary, still sobbing bitterly; "I'm at Blank & Smooth's, West-Side milliners, you know, and two of the girls in the workroom have a spite against me, and to-day a valuable piece of lace belonging to one of our best customers was lost, and they declared I had taken it, and the foreman believed them, and wouldn't listen to what I said, and told me that I should be dismissed to-morrow; so I watched my chance, and ran away, and took the Woodland avenue cars, and came to Perry street, because I knew a girl who lived down here, and I was sure she would let me stay with her until I could hear from home, and decide what to do. But the girl, who lived with her aunt, has left the street, and I was wandering along, not knowing where to turn for a night's lodging, when I heard you singing those hymns we used to sing at home. I knew you were coming to the city, my little sister Jennie wrote and told me, but I had no idea to what part. I felt I could not pass the house without asking if I could speak to the person who was singing, I was certain it was some one with a kind, good heart; but the landlady was so indignant, and would not give me time to explain. I felt broken-hearted, and if you had not come down when you did, Anna, I must have wandered on and on, I know not where."

"The good Shepherd sent me to seek the poor, wandering lamb, Mary dear," said Anna, as she kissed the poor girl's troubled face.

Faster and faster fell Mary's tears. "Ah! Anna dear," she said, "I needed seeking, I've wandered far away from the fold. I don't mean that I have done anything to bring disgrace upon the dear ones at home, Anna; but I've grown proud and fond of dress, and I've not cared for God's word, or his day as I used to do. Oh, those hymns brought back the memory of the time when I loved Jesus, and strove to serve him. What do you say, Anna, is he seeking to save?"

"Yes," whispered Anna as she knelt down, and prayed that the good Shepherd would guide the wanderer again into the fold, and grant her peace of heart.

The prayer was heard and answered. With a heart once more at rest, early the following morning, accompanied by her friend, Mary returned to her place of business. Here she heard, to her great joy, the welcome news that the lost piece of lace had been found, and soon discovered that the foreman and the girls in the workroom were all anxious to atone for their unjust suspicions.

"Where did you go last night, dear?" asked one of the girls.

"Listen," said Mary; "I will tell you all my story."

There was perfect silence in the room as Mary told the story of the friend she had found in her sore hour of need; and when she retired to rest that night more than one of the girls, who had previously openly ridiculed religion, begged her to pray for them, that they too might enter the fold of the good Shepherd, who was "seeking to save."—*Living Epistle.*

SMALL GIFTS.

Dr. Tristram canon of Durham, England, writes to the *Sunday School Times.*—In no department of Christian work has the Saviour's blessing on the small gifts of self-denial been more marvellously illustrated than in our missionary annals. Let us take two recent instances.

Miss Norman, when a child, had on her birthday, five years old, a gift made to her of five shillings. It was the first time she possessed such a sum. She asked that it might buy a Bible to be sent to India. A well-bound Bible was accordingly sent, with other things, to the Punjab, where it was given as a prize at a mission school. Years afterwards, Miss Norman went out herself as a zenana missionary to India. When stationed at Peshawur, she was one day asked to go and visit a dying Christian woman. She found that she was a believer, resting on Christ, though in a heathen family. On being asked where she had obtained her knowledge of the gospel, she replied that she had been educated at a mission school, but had left it unconverted, and a heathen still. On her going away a Bible was given her as a prize, which lay undisturbed for years, until sorrow and trouble led her to read it and study it. The Lord opened her heart by its means, and she found Christ to be her Saviour. She produced the treasured volume, and then, by the inscription, Miss Norman saw the very copy which she, as a child, had sent out.

One more instance of small yet fruitful gifts. A lady who was interested in the poor of India, was packing a box of clothing to send to them. Her little boy, who was watching her, said, "Mother, I have a penny; I should like to buy something to put in the box for the poor Hindoos." His mother did not know what to do with the penny, too little for the smallest article of clothing, and put in a tract, the only thing she could think of. When the box reached India and was opened, some one took up the tract, read it, and gave it to a clever Hindoo, asking him to translate it into his own language. As this man studied it to translate it, the Holy Spirit of God taught him its meaning, and he became an inquirer and then a believer. Nor was this all. That man finally became a catechist, or native Christian teacher, and is now employed in leading his own countrymen to Jesus.

A CONTRAST.

"Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night."

—*Trench.*

AN IDEAL.

She was not fair, but in her face
  There was a purity of soul
That gave each feature perfect grace
  Lit up and beautified the whole.

Her hand was not the "lily-flower"
  Or "drifted snow" that poets sing;
But, in its touch, so firm and kind,
  There was a strength most comforting.

And little children clung to it,
  And all the poor she clothed and fed
Knew what a cool and soothing touch
  It laid upon the aching head!

Her laugh was low, and seldom heard;
  Her smile, soon woke, was passing sweet;
Her sympathies went quickly forth
  Another's joy or woe to meet.

Her creed?—Ah me! she was not one
  Who thought her own the only way,
And thanked her God, like him of old
  Who "went up" in his pride to pray.

But, pressing on her upward road,
  She strove to win all hearts for heaven.
And counted no man wholly lost
  Who lived, so yet might be forgiven.

She knew Heaven's Gate was opened wide,
  She knew how great the joy within;
And, in her perfect charity,
  She would have had all enter in!

—*B. Bell, in Good Words.*

MISSIONARY JAM.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

Maggie's mother was sick, and the doctor had ordered perfect quiet, with freedom from worries.

So Maggie had taken the helm when it dropped from the tired hand, and really for such a young pilot she was keeping the household ship remarkably clear of shoals; even her father had observed it, and, quiet man though he was, had spoken such words of commendation as filled her heart with gladness.

To-day she had some very important work of her own on hand, and for that reason the family affairs must be finished off speedily, so she smiled a greeting from the door steps to the rising sun.

The absorbing work was the manufacture of strawberry jam, and any young housekeeper knows what an undertaking that is. Moreover, the strawberries were her own, grown in her particular patch, and she had made an expedition into town especially to arrange for the sale of this precious cargo of jam.

It was her first undertaking of the sort, and Maggie was quite nervous about it; but mother was not to be worried, so she must manage alone. Very formidable looked that heap of scarlet berries, notwithstanding the rather heavy toll the boys had exacted in payment for the picking.

But Maggie's wise mother had early taught her that work is not done by fretting, so she went bravely at it, and was soon deep in the mysteries of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and all the other directions of a modern cook-book. What made this work particularly thrilling was the fact of the money being intended for her missionary box, and failure meant the loss of a great pleasure. So she scorched her face and burned her fingers willingly, turning her back upon the open doors and windows through which came little puffs of air to tantalize her with pictures of cool, shady retreats, with a pleasant book for company

The boys had taken their sister with them to the pond, so she was spared the numerous questions and inquisitive fingers of the four-year-old Cora.

Their voices floated in with the other summer sounds and seemed unusually peaceful, as things were apt to be rather uncertain where Cora was concerned.

Mother was sleeping quietly with a smile on the tired, white face which the playful, loving words of her daughter had called up, so Maggie's mind could be concentrated upon the work in hand, and she bent over the kettle with breathless interest, finding the truth of the old proverb about a watched pot, for this seemed as if it never would boil.

Just at the moment when a few little bubbles were rising to the surface, a loud scream came from the pond followed by the ominous pause which was, with Cora, but the precursor of a still louder outbreak.

Maggie never grew accustomed to Cora's screams, always imagining that this time at least something dreadful had happened, so down went the spoon and off she started, racing down the little slope, slipping on the smooth turf and arriving breathless at the bottom.

The accident was more laughable than serious. On the pond was a raft ingeniously manufactured by the boys, and in which they took much pride and pleasure, Upon this raft Cora had been forbidden to step, and upon this raft in spite of the entreaties of her brothers, Cora had resolutely determined to go.

The result was not uncommon in raft navigation; it had gently dipped down and landed the small sailor in the water.

The boys had pulled her out and she stood upon the bank, a pitiful sight, her blue dress dripping water, her shoes and stockings plastered with mud, while little streams trickled down her face into her mouth every time she opened it for a vigorous scream. Seeing Maggie and thinking to avert the well-deserved reproof, she ran towards her, weeping bitterly, and cast herself into her sister's arms.

AN IDEAL.

"Bad boat, bad boys," she exclaimed from her refuge.

"Bad Cora, I think it is," Maggie said. "I am so afraid you have waked mother." But the small offender must be carried into the house for dry clothing, and when at last this was accomplished Maggie suddenly became aware of a pungent, penetrating smell of something burning, and remembered the jam.

"Oh, Cora, Cora, I am afraid my jam is ruined," and she hurried into the kitchen. The room was full of smoke and the kettle was on the table, while by it stood a strange gentleman with a kind face wearing a quizzical smile, his horse stamping on the path outside.

"So this is the way you make jam, is it?" he asked. "I came for a glass of water and thought your house was on fire. I took the liberty of removing your kettle, but if the jam is not done you can cook it some more."

Maggie looked into the kettle and uttered an exclamation of dismay at the solid, black mass. All her work and time had gone into smoke.

Tears came into her eyes, it was such a disappointment, and impatient words were on her lips as Cora came smiling into the room, the picture of a good little girl, but she kept them back and went quietly out to get the water.

The gentleman had seen the little struggle and the conquest, and his eyes followed her with much interest.

Cora, too, peeped into the kettle, getting on a chair to accomplish it. "Dat's missionary jam," she condescendingly explained.

"I am afraid the missionaries won't like it very much," he answered.

"Cora likes jam," running her finger along the edge of the kettle and showing her white teeth in an engaging smile.

Just at this point the boys came trooping in, and loud exclamations of disgust followed. "It was all your fault, Cora."

"You've spoilt all sister's missionary jam. If you had not disobeyed us it never would have happened."

"You have taken the money from sister. You are as bad as a robber."

Cora, bewildered under the reproaches heaped upon her, drew down the corners of her mouth and once more flew to Maggie for refuge.

"Did I burn your jam? Did I teal your money? Am I a robber?" she wailed.

"Boys, boys," Maggie entreated, "let her alone. Don't cry, Cora, sister will forgive you, and won't you remember next time to be a very obedient little girl? Mother is sick, sir," she explained, "and the children miss her. I am afraid I make a poor mother to them. Cora fell in the pond, and while I was dressing her the jam burned."

"Why do you call it missionary jam?" the gentleman inquired with interest.

Maggie laughed. "That's the name the children gave it, because the money from the sale of the jam was for my missionary box."

"And its loss is a great disappointment?" looking at her keenly.

"Yes, it is," with a little tremble in her voice; "but never mind, perhaps something else may come in its place."

"It has a curious flavor," he said, tasting some on the end of the spoon.

"That's the burnt sugar."

"Not altogether. I am very fond of curious flavors, and shall try to find out the component parts of this. Did you know there was an old woman once who made her fortune from burning some taffy. People liked the flavor without knowing why."

"I am afraid they would not care for burnt strawberries, though."

"Do not think me too curious, but how much did you expect to realize from this jam?"

"About three dollars, if it all sold. It does not seem a very great sum, I know, but farmers' families are not very rich, sir."

"Well, I must be off. Thank you very much for the water. It seems to me you need not feel afraid of not doing your duty by these children. My child," taking her hand tenderly in his, "I see you have already learned a lesson it took me years to learn: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city';" then the gentleman mounted his horse and rode thoughtfully away.

Late in the afternoon, as Maggie sat upon the steps watching for her father, and bravely trying to forget her disappointment, two little arms were clasped about her neck and a soft cheek was laid against hers, while Cora said lovingly—

"Good Maggie, Cora loves you. When I'm a big girl I'll buy you a whole missionary all for yourself."

Maggie laughed heartily at this promise, then ran down the path to meet her father at the gate, and slipped her arm in his as they walked back together.

"I met such an interesting gentleman on horseback, this morning, Maggie, who soon found out I was your father, and told me about your jam burning. He said many kind things about my little girl, and told me to give you this note."

In the large kitchen, the scene of the morning's catastrophe, surrounded by a curious family group, Maggie read—

"I have discovered the component parts of the flavor of your missionary jam. They are patience, zeal, love; no wonder I liked it. Permit one to make a contribution to your box who has been most remiss in the matter of helping missionaries."

The contribution was a clean, crisp bill for five dollars. So, amid triumphant shouts and congratulations, Maggie dropped the money into her box, and that night sang a thankful little song, as she scraped from the kettle the last traces of the "missionary jam."—*N. Y. Observer.*

WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID.

The help of helps to a child in meeting his fears of the imagination, is found in the bringing to his mind, through the imagination, a sense of the constant presence of a Divine Protector to cheer him when his fears are at their highest. A little child who wakened in the middle of the night, called to her parents, in another room, and when her father was by her bedside, she told him that she was afraid to be alone. Instead of rebuking her for this, he said, "There's a little verse in the Bible, my darling, that's meant for you at a time like this; and I want you to have that in your mind whenever you waken in this way. It is a verse out of one of David's psalms; and it is what he said to the Lord his Shepherd; 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.' That is the verse. Now, whenever you are afraid, you can think of that verse, and say it over as a loving prayer, and the Good Shepherd will hear you, and will keep you from all harm." And from that time on, that little child was comforted through faith when her imagination pressed her with its fears. She never forgot that verse; and it still is a help to her in her fears by day and by night.—*Sunday School Times.*

God never leaves his creatures in absolute need. God may deprive a face of beauty, a character of amiability, a mind of brilliancy, but he will never take away a heart of love. With the faculty of loving, he adds the power of prayer and the promise always to listen to and answer it. —*From "Gold Dust."*

BROTHER MAX.

BROTHER MAX.

Oh happy days of long ago, when Max and I
went through the snow,
To carry father's breakfast down to the old
tower beyond the town,
Where he had watched the livelong night, tend-
ing the leaping beacon light,
Which shot across the wastes of foam, and
brought the fishers safely home!

And Max would never go alone; Fanchon must
make his arm her throne:
And he would bid me come along, or father's
breakfast would go wrong
And yet how little was my share, for Max would
every burden bear:
He held the loaf so crisp and hot, and took the
gleaming copper pot!

I thought not then of why or how (these are the
questions for me now!)
I put my hand in his and went; and Max and I
were both content;
And though the earth in snow was clad, the
whole wide earth felt warm and glad,
For Max was full of strength and glee, and I had
Max and Max had me!

And father would be looking out, to greet us with
a welcome shout,
And he'd take Fanchon on his knee, and had a
ready kiss for me:
And then he'd hold Max by the hand, in talk we
could not understand,
But what it was I think I guess—and all Max
meant in his soft "Yes."

Our house now knows another name. A stranger
keeps the lighthouse flame.
In wind and rain upon the quay, Max said good-
bye to Fan and me;
"We'd follow to some sunnier clime."—Ay, so we
shall—in God's good time!
For death put out a sudden hand, and drew Max
to God's sunniest land.

And now that I am old and lone, the meaning of
it all is shown:
The earthly vine is gathered up, that heavenly
wine may fill my cup,
And in those childish days I see God's plan of
what all life should be—
A brother's hand its help to lend, our Father
waiting at the end!

—Isabella Fyvie Mayo, in Sunday at Home.

A GAME OF THE SENSES.

When you go to your room at night, can you walk directly to the match-box and put your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave your room, do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob?

Can you at night walk among the trees without running into them, or keep the garden path as directly as you would were it daylight.

If you wish to estimate the size of anything, do you know enough of feet and inches to make a fair guess by simply looking at it?

If you are a boy can you calculate by yards; if a girl, by feet?

Can you guess the height of a hat by sight? The size of anything that is deceptive because it looks larger or smaller than it really is?

Can you calculate the weight of a book, a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water, a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street cars where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are coming?

If you are near a river can you locate a steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam whistle? Can you tell on which tone it stops?

With your eyes shut can you tell what kind of a flower is put to your nose? Do you know the difference between the odor of a leaf from a rose-bush and one from a maple-tree?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees the points of the compass?

Can you by listening tell what kind of vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four hoofs and by eight?

Can you match colors without samples; carry colors and shades in your memory?

By the touch only can you tell which material is cotton, which is woollen? Can you from a bunch of different colored zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping your eyes shut?

Can you by the taste only tell what kind of meat you are eating? Can you decide what flavor has been used in a glass of soda water?

Does a rose-petal taste like that of a violet? Do hard water and soft water taste alike?

In short: do you use your senses? Do you train your observation, and then remember what you observed?

The new methods of education are taking care of eyes and hands used together, but what classes are there for your nose, your ears, your touch, your sense of weight? Where do you go to school to learn to see in the dark, to smell fire, to hear flies sneeze? Do you not perceive that this education you must give yourself? You can train your senses every moment you are awake. At this moment what do you see, hear, smell? Are you sure you really see, hear and smell what you think you do? Suppose you make a game of "The Senses," and see how many come nearer the Booby prize than the first one?

If you bring one of your favorite Indian heroes out of a book—materialize him you know—and have him join you in the Donkey game, don't you believe he would get the tail somewhere near the right place? He would not be fit for an Indian hero if he could not walk straight with his eyes shut.

And as I like to give my text at the end instead of the beginning, here it is:

"That you are not yourself, but only a fraction of what your Heavenly Father meant you to be, unless you have full use of the senses which he gave you."—*Louise Stockton, in August Wide Awake.*

HE HAD A BIBLE.

A newspaper correspondent relates, in *The Christian Union*, an incident which occurred in the Boston Art Museum some time ago. He noticed a group of men, evidently foreigners, crowding closely about one of the engravings. Their clothes were whole, but old, patched, and sun-scorched. Their broken English indicated plainly they came from beyond the sea. But one of them had removed his hat. Yet they were well behaved, quiet and inoffensive in conduct. The picture attracting their attention was of Abraham, standing with hand uplifted over his handsome young son, bound and laid on the wood of the altar. The calm, quiet firmness of the old man seemed to impress them. The submissive expression of the young man was commented upon. One after another they questioned what it meant. There were a number of illustrations of Scripture near them, but this was the centre of attraction. As their eagerness emphasized their words, their tones attracted other ears, evidently as inquisitive as mine. Suddenly a younger one exclaimed:

"Ax Hans! ax Hans! He know all thing!"

"Vere ees he? Vere ees he?" excitedly questioned several.

"Veest! Veest! Vere he be," and Hans approached.

"Vat? Vat you say?" he inquired.

"Dat!"

They drew him before the picture, and looked earnestly at him.

Hans studied it intently. He grew sober. It was a critical moment. Would he lose his prestige? Must he acknowledge they were mistaken; some things he did not know? No. A smile illumined his honest features as he combed his short beard with his fingers and said:

"Eet ees een a book called Bibil. Eet ver goot book."

One inquired responsively:

"Yer goot eet?"

"Yas!" was the hearty rejoinder; "een my room. Say, yer coom nex' Sunday, and vee'll read eet."

"More story hav' eet?"

"Mooch more."

"Vell, vee vill."

And, with emphatic assenting nods, every one of that group of nine men, only one of whom owned a Bible, agreed to go to Hans' room in one week's time and read Bible stories.

THE EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

Gentlemen are, we believe, inclined to jest about the slippers embroidered for their use by fair hands, and to pronounce them better fitted for ornament than for service. But it is well worth while to remember that a pair of fancy slippers were the means used in obtaining an entrance to the zenanas of India.

Mrs. Mullen, whose residence in Calcutta many years had been filled with sorrow for the secluded women, was constantly asking herself, "How can I help them? How can I reach these women to teach them of Christ?"

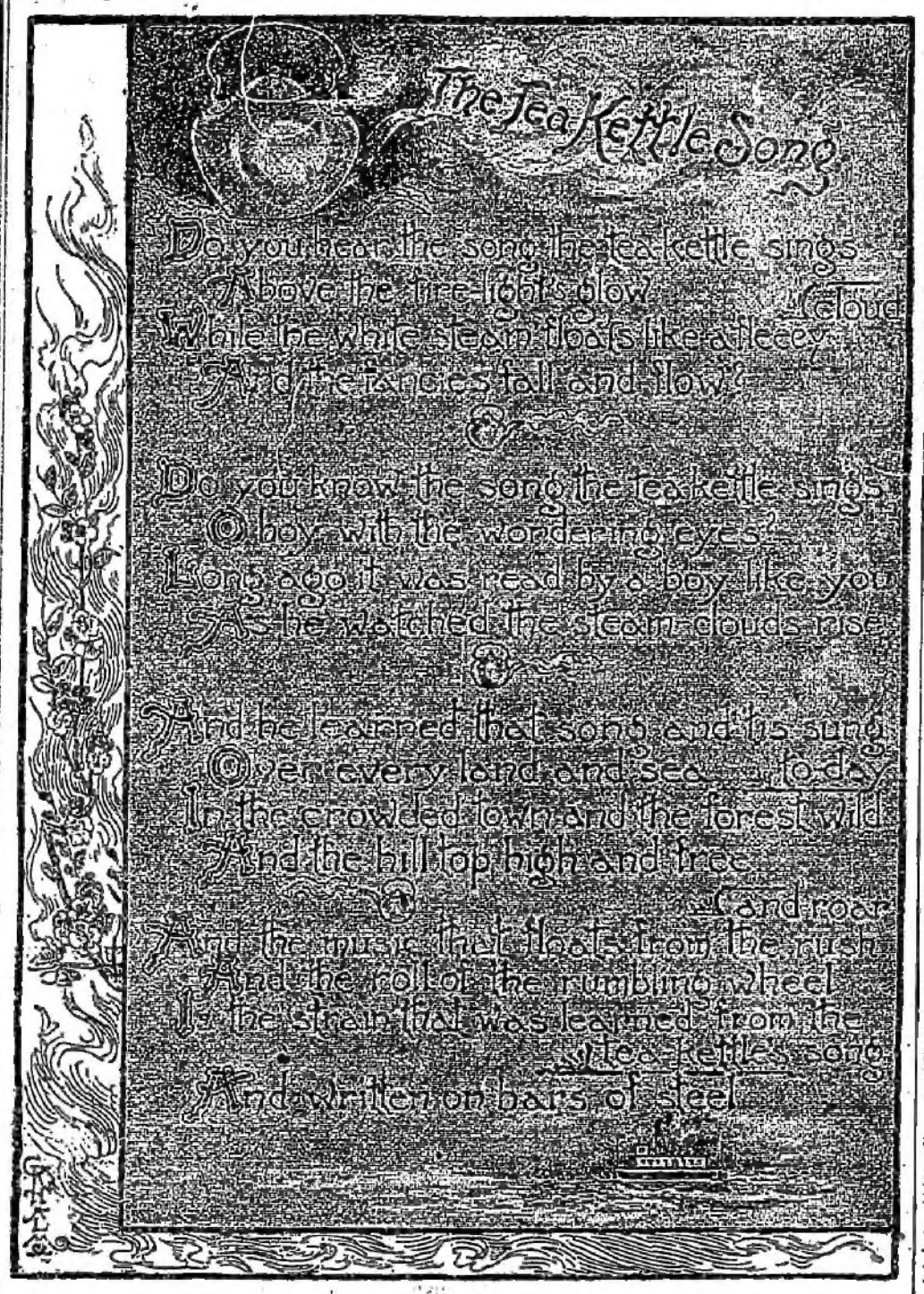
One hot sultry afternoon as she was finishing a pair of embroidered slippers as a present for her husband on his return home, a young Babu (native gentleman), a former pupil called to see her. As her finished work dropped from her hands, struck with the gay embroidery, he picked it up, talked of its beauty, and her marvellous skill in execution, when under a sudden impulse she said, "Take it home and shew it to your wife," to which he consented.

It gave her great pleasure, and he afterwards exhibited it to another gentleman, who took it to his home, where it excited the admiration of the women of his household—and he in turn passed it to another—until a number of zenanas had been stirred by the story of the slippers which the Christian woman had made. At length he returned it with thanks and glowing pictures of the admiration it had excited.

With a flash of inspiration she said, "Your wife can learn to do this work; I will teach her, if you will allow me." He hesitated—the presence of a Christian was an offence. How could he admit her into the most sacred precincts of the zenana? Mrs. Mullen gently entreated until his consent was gained; at least a trial might be made. She went eagerly to her appointment and found an apt scholar. The news spread from house to house, till very shortly her hands were full of pupils, all fascinated with the beautiful work—and full of interest in it. Then she took another step, saying, "I can only teach embroidery to those who will learn to read."

At first they were startled; a few refused to accede to this proposition, but the larger part accepted. The zenana, so firmly closed to reason and entreaty, was now open to the Christian teacher with her skeins of bright worsted and her Bible.—*Selected.*

THE FATHER does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come.—*Talmage.*


The Tea Kettle Song.
Do you hear the song the tea-kettle sings
Above the fire-light's glow
While the white steam floats like a fleecy cloud
And the fancies fall and flow
Do you know the song the tea-kettle sings
O boy with the wondering eyes
Long ago it was read by a boy like you
As he watched the steam clouds rise
And he learned that song and its sung
Over every land and sea to-day
In the crowded town and the forest wild
And the hill-top high and free
And the music that floats from the rush
And the roll of the rumbling wheel
Is the strain that was learned from the
tea-kettle's song
And written on bars of steel

A LITTLE ANTWERP MONKEY.

I have always liked monkeys, so I was delighted to go into the great monkey-house in the Antwerp Zoo, by some persons regarded as the finest in Europe, and find it, with its marble floors and glass-fronted cages, clean and sweet smelling as the most fastidious could desire.

We stopped some time in front of the large airy room which had been set aside for bed-room and parlor for Monsieur and Madame Chimpanzee, a low partition separating the two rooms. The happy pair had just been presented with a new set of furniture, and monsieur was very much out of temper because so many people had come to see how they liked it. Madame, his wife, was very busy shaking out the rugs, dusting the chairs, putting on the table-cloth, tidying up generally, and the children clustered in front of the cage were laughing with delight, but her husband sat in an ill-tempered bunch, until at last, his feelings being too much for him, he swooped upon his wife, picked her up in his arms, carried her into the bed-room, put her into the little French bedstead, shook her well when she struggled and objected, and slapped her severely, I grieve to say, covered her up, neck and nose, with a sheet, tucking her in so that not even her tail could be seen, and then sat down with his back to the audience in a most suggestive way.

Then we passed on to the large central, many-sided cage, where hosts of little monkeys were disporting themselves.

They were sociable little people. Not content with chattering to their friends in the same enclosure, they nodded and grinned through the glasses to their neighbors on both sides.

But one small monkey, a bright-eyed little fellow, sat on his haunches, chin in hand, quite apart from the other, searching the crowd anxiously with his tiny black eyes.

While I watched him, an attendant came up and asked in fair though labored English, "If madame saw that little monkey," and when I replied in the affirmative, he continued, "If madame would watch but a moment more, she would be able to amuse herself much.

"It is now the time," he went on, looking up at the clock, "for the friend, that he come—ah, he now approaches."

As he spoke, the monkey suddenly sprang up, curled his tail and one little black hand round a bar where the glass had been lowered, and began to wave the other small morsel of a hand in the air, throwing kisses with it, bobbing his head, and acting as if mad with joy.

Through the crowd came a little curly-headed Flemish boy, cap in hand, school-books under arm, showing all his pretty white teeth as he laughed and nodded quite as happily as the monkey.

Up he came to the cage, and between the bars went out two little brown arms, drawing him close enough for his tiny furry friend to clasp him about the neck, pat his cheeks, smooth his hair, arrange his collar and necktie, and kiss him again and again.

At last when the first transport of joy was over, the boy put his books down on the floor, and submitted himself to an examination conducted with wonderful rapidity and exactness. Each pocket in turn was rifled, its contents noted, first the boy's nose, then the monkey's, wiped with a small cotton handkerchief which the monkey then carefully folded and returned to its owner's pocket.

A piece of lead-pencil next occasioned much rejoicing, and was stowed away in a capacious cheek while the search went on uninterrupted. At last a small cracker was drawn from one pocket, a nut from the other, and called forth wild demonstrations of delight and gratitude.

The books were now in turn submitted for his inspection, and the monkey examined each one, turning the leaves with marvellous rapidity and yet not seeming to miss one page, handing each one back, held upright that it might slip safely between the bars as soon as the last leaf had been turned.

The last one the boy handed in was a small blank-book, which he went through carefully, turning the leaves back and forth till he had selected a special one, which he then tore out, so carefully that the rest of the book was uninjured. Seating himself on a crossbar, he spread the sheet out on the cover of the book, took the pencil from his mouth and began to scribble industriously, looking up now and again, for the smile and nod of approval which never failed to greet him.

At last, when the sheet was quite covered with pencil-marks, he polished the pencil on his little furry arm, restored it to its owner's pocket, handed back the book, rolled his piece of paper into a hard, round ball, patted and pressed it with both hands, slipped down from his perch and hurried off to conceal it in the hiding-place which had received his other treasures. This time he came back with a dejected air, which I understood when I saw the boy gather up his possessions,—the hour of parting was evidently drawing near.

Again the little arms clasped the beloved friend, the small wrinkled cheek was pressed against his, the skinny, little black hands caressed him with passionate, pathetic tenderness. In all but words, the little dumb creature pleaded for longer happiness, and the boy, I was delighted to see, seemed quite as loath as the monkey to say good-by. Finally, after stroking the small head and shaking the little hands again and again the boy turned away, only to be recalled by a queer cry for one more embrace.

Then the monkey seemed to accept the inevitable, and as the boy left him, scrambled rapidly to a high cross-bar where he could look over the heads of the crowd after his retreating figure, and throw kisses which the boy constantly turned and acknowledged. At last, when he could no longer be seen, the monkey squatted dejectedly on the perch, chin in hand, the back of the other in requisition to wipe real tears from his eyes.

"What a dear little monkey, and what a very pretty sight. Does this happen often?" I asked of the attendant, who had invited my attention to this scene.

"Each day, madame. If madame were to come at all times of the year at this hour, she would see always the same thing, the very same thing."

"How did the monkey learn all these little ways?"

"From his intimate, madame. Until two years he was but like all other of the monkeys. It was then this boy did begin to be friends with him, to teach him gentleness, to rebuke him of all rudeness, to treat him as if he had been another boy,—not with the persecution that many do show to the caged and helpless. Many have since that time tried to be more kind and good with these prisoned things, and the temper of all the monkeys in this cage has grown more amiable in result."

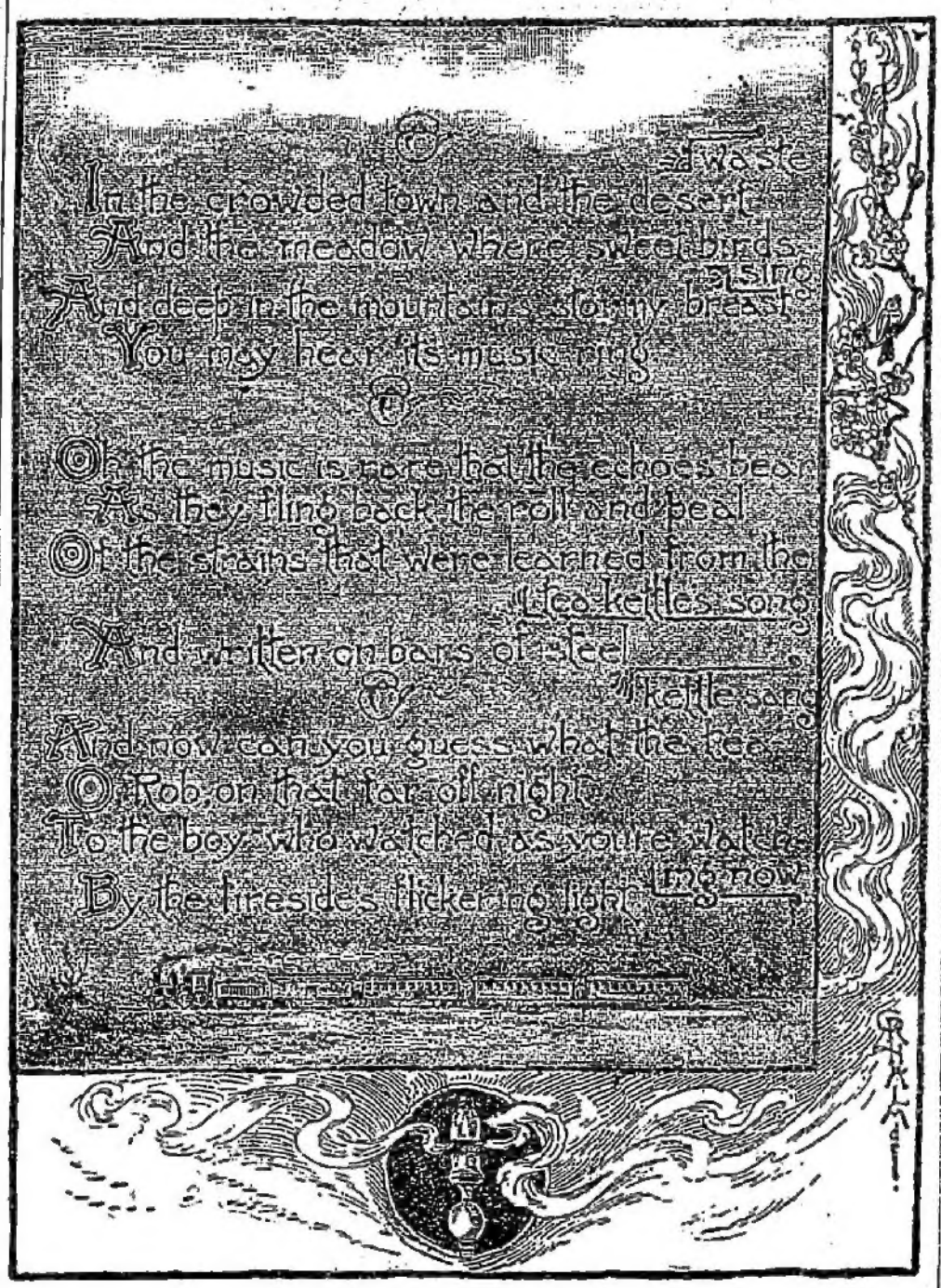
"Did you see him teach the monkeys these pretty tricks?"

"No, madame, we did first perceive it when we found this monkey would no more eat on Sundays. Paul is a boy of a school near by, and goes always through the gardens at this hour. On Saturdays, after he knew that he had won the love of this little beast, he did come also, but Sundays it was not permitted, and then would the lonely one cry and cry like one little child.

"Then a kind man who heard the story was so pleased that he got for the boy a pass that he could come also on Sunday. At one time Paul fell ill, and when he came not, the monkey also fell so ill that we were forced to take him to the house of the boy that his life might be saved. He was then so weak that he could no longer swallow, but when he had looked upon the boy, his spirit came to him once more that he could both eat and drink.

"We permitted, with the leave of our chiefs, that he remained at the home of the boy till both were well again. The father of the child would give much money that his son might own the monkey, but their love one for the other makes so much of pleasure for the many people that do come here, that no money would be great enough for us to part ourselves from him."

I turned to take a farewell look at the affectionate little caricature of humanity. He sat cross-legged on the floor of the cage, his pencil-marked sheet of paper before him, studying it gravely while he smoothed out each crease and wrinkle with his tiny brown hands.—*Youth's Companion.*


In the crowded town and the desert waste
And the meadow where sweet birds build their nests
And deep in the mountain stormy breast
You may hear its music ring
Oh the music is more that the echoes bear
As they fling back the roll and peal
Of the strains that were learned from the
tea-kettle's song
And written on bars of steel
And now can you guess what the tea-kettle sang
To Rob on that far off night
To the boy who watched as your water boiled
By the fireside's flickering light

TRUST AND WAIT.

Trust—and wait God's time appointed,
Let him lead thee all the way.
Thou must be by God anointed;
As he bids thee, go or stay.

Seek not, strive not, he will guide thee
In the way which thou shouldst go.
He doth ever walk beside thee,
And the way will surely show.

Trust him always—trust him wholly—
Look not to thyself at all.
If thou seek his pleasure solely
He will let no ill befall.

It may be thy work lies near thee,
Close beside thee day by day.
Some, perchance, whose lives are dreary,
Need thy help upon the way.

It may be no noble mission
Such as thou hast *dreamed* were thine;
It may be thy solo commission
In a narrow sphere to shine.

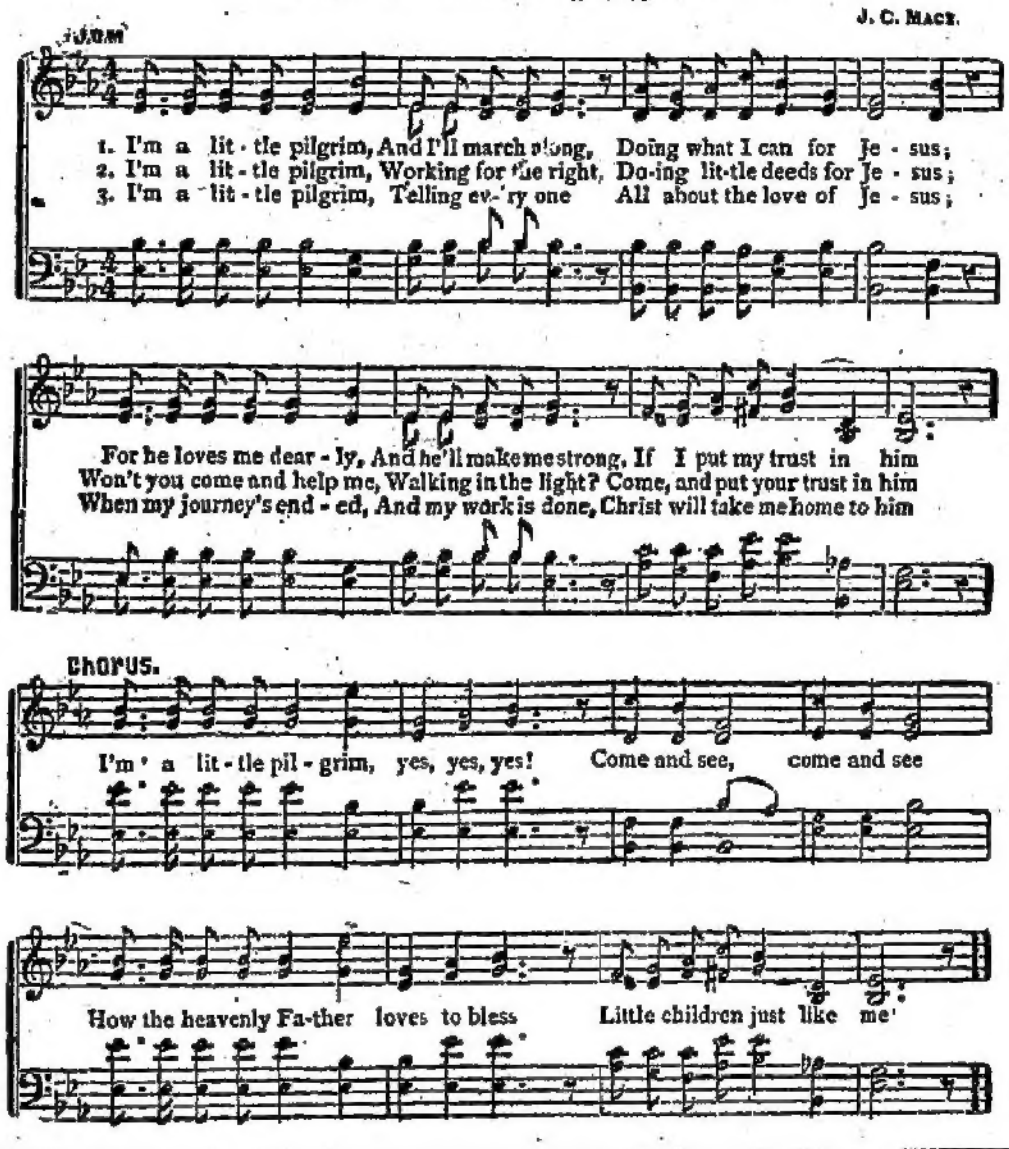
He will teach thee. Only follow
Though the light at times be dim.
Thou hast left earth's joys so hollow,
Left them all to follow him.

Trust him, then. God knows no hurry,
For his ways are not as ours.
Wherefore shouldst thou fear or worry?
He will use thy utmost powers.

Not perchance the way man chooseth,
Nor the way that thou hast planned?
But of all he nothing looseth
Which is yielded to his hand.

-Fairelie Thornton in The Christian.

I'm a Little Pilgrim.

J. C. MACE.

1. I'm a lit - tle pilgrim, And I'll march along, Doing what I can for Je - sus;
2. I'm a lit - tle pilgrim, Working for the right, Do-ing lit-tle deeds for Je - sus;
3. I'm a lit - tle pilgrim, Telling ev-'ry one All about the love of Je - sus;
For he loves me dear - ly, And he'll make me strong, If I put my trust in him
Won't you come and help me, Walking in the light? Come, and put your trust in him
When my journey's end - ed, And my work is done, Christ will take me home to him
Chorus.
I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, yes, yes, yes! Come and see, come and see
How the heavenly Fa-ther loves to bless Little children just like me

THE GLOVE SHOP AND COUSIN AMY.

BY MARTHA C. RANKIN.

"Why, Anna Marshall, what in the world are you doing!"

"Just what you see, Maud. I'm taking my books home."

"But why are you doing it? Vacation's a long way off."

"Not for me," was Anna's laughing response.

"Oh, Anna, you're the worst girl for surprises that I ever knew. What's up now? Are you going away?"

"Yes, as far as the shop."

"Not honestly?" said Maud.

"Yes, honestly. I'm tired of school, and I want to earn some money."

"But your father! Did he say you might?" exclaimed Maud, knowing well Mr. Marshall's high ambitions for his only daughter.

"Oh, papa wants me to be a fine scholar, but I like pretty clothes better than geometry and Latin. He'll send me to any school or college I choose; but, dear me! the money would all go for school bills, and I should have to wear dowdy clothes like Harriet Latimer, and I'm not going to. I've been teasing papa for a silk dress, and he says I'm too young, so now I'm going to earn one for myself."

"I don't see what you want of a silk dress, Anna? You always have pretty clothes."

"Oh, I should love to rustle into church in silk. And then I may visit in New York this winter. My Cousin Amy is at home now."

The girls had left the school-house and were walking up the shady street of a little village, whose one industry was the making of gloves and mittens. As they separated at Maud's gate, she said, "Good-by, Anna. I can't help thinking you're awfully silly."

"Much obliged for your opinion," shouted Anna, and she walked on alone.

It was the dream of Maud's life to have a college education, but her mother was a poor widow, and, after this year, Maud would have to work in the shop. What wouldn't she give for Anna's chance!

It must have been the law of contraries which gave Anna such an inordinate love of dress. It was a great trial to her parents, and, as they saw this love becoming a passion in their only daughter, they resolved to send her away to school, trusting that broader views of life would come to her with a complete change of surroundings.

When Anna declared herself wholly unwilling to go, saying that she would rather work in the shop, they wisely concluded to let her have her own way for a time, and await results. Perhaps in the school of experience she would learn some useful lessons.

It was not that the thought of having their daughter join the army of wage-earners hurt their pride, for they considered no honest work ignoble; but to have her deliberately choose trifles, instead of high opportunities, revealed a serious weakness of character.

Working in the shop in Glovetown did not mean the social ostracism that it does in many places; and although Anna's appearance in Van Allen's glove shop caused quite a stir and a great deal of gossip, she was neither prettier nor more ladylike than many of her companions at the sewing machines.

In spite of the fact that the machines were run by steam power, Anna found the work hard enough, and as days and weeks went by, she more than once regretted her folly, and would have been glad to go back to her books; but she said nothing.

With her first earnings she bought the silk dress; but rustling into church did not give her all the enjoyment she had expected. Indeed, after working so hard, she began to think there might be some wiser way of spending money.

She was relieved when, at the end of three months, the shop was closed for the annual inventory; and, without confessing her mistake, she could bid good-by to the noisy wook-room.

Just at this time a letter came from her cousin Amy, saying that she had been visiting friends in the West, and planned to spend a day or two in Glovetown on her way home. She added that she should expect Anna to return to New York with her and stay at least a month.

Anna was delighted, and at once began to plan for some new dresses.

When Amy came, she brought with her a trunk full of beautiful clothes. She was several years older than Anna, her parents were wealthy, and she had been away several weeks.

Anna thought the dresses so lovely that she wanted to have some of her friends come to see the display.

But Amy would not listen to this. Indeed, she apologized for having so many things.

"I had to have them," she said, "because I was visiting so long; and with only one trunk, of course I had to bring them all here."

Anna remembered her own vanity in always calling in "the girls" whenever she had anything new, and parading about till they had admired it to her satisfaction. She wondered how so pretty a girl as Amy could care so little about clothes, and concluded it was because she had graduated at Vassar.

She thought it a shame that the girls couldn't have even a glimpse of the things. "Perhaps she'll go to church twice on Sunday, then they can see two of the prettiest," was her mental comment.

But when church-time came Sunday morning, Amy appeared in a dark cloth suit.

"Oh, Amy," exclaimed Anna, "you aren't going to wear that, are you?"

"Why not, Anna? It's what I've worn to church everywhere else."

"Oh, I wanted the girls to see some of your lovely clothes, and this will be their only chance."

"Sorry," said Amy, smiling, "but mamma always has me dress plainly for church. She says poor people are sometimes kept away just because they feel shabby by the side of silks and velvets. I know I should feel so if I were poor. And I want people to go to church. I don't want to keep them away."

For the first time in her life Anna felt ridiculously over-dressed. Amy's words kept running through her head. She could think of people even in Glovetown who stayed from church because they said they couldn't dress well enough to go; but she had never cared before.

She ceased to wonder what the girls were thinking of Amy's quiet gown, and wondered instead what Amy must think of her gaudy attire.

Whatever Amy thought, she did not even show that she noticed it, and nothing more was said on the subject.

But Anna had learned a lesson which no one else had been able to teach her, and her month's visit in Amy's beautiful home served to enforce it.

She saw that girls could have handsome clothes without caring very much about them. She found that Amy and her friends talked very little about dress, but were bright and intelligent in conversations in which she was too ignorant to join.

In short, her eyes were opened. She awoke to the possibilities of life; and the trifles which had hitherto filled her mind sank into insignificance in comparison. Her desire to earn money for fine clothes was gone. She went home; but, as soon as possible, she started out in the quest for knowledge, which marked a new era in her life.

To-day she is a strong, cultured woman, whose life is an inspiration to all about her. She seldom talks about herself; but whenever she thinks of the past, she thanks God for sending her Cousin Amy at just the right time. "I'm afraid I should never have known my silliness and vanity," she says, "if it had not been for the glove shop and Cousin Amy."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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